

Repercussions

by Jokerang

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Summary: Bruce Wayne and Diana find themselves drifting towards each other as they begin the process of finding other metahumans and forming them into a unit that can better defend Earth. However, an old foe from Diana's past threatens to tear them apart.

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*This is my first attempt writing for the new movie universe DC has planned. While I don't think BvS was that good of a movie (yes I said it), I thought there was a lot for authors like myself to work with. In particular, Batman and Wonder Woman's flirting game of cat and mouse.\*\*

\*\*This takes place before Suicide Squad, and incorporates a whole bunch of DC characters. I'll also be doing some educated guesses for how the Wonder Woman solo movie will go. Most chapters will hopefully be longer, between 2000-2500 words. Hopefully, you'll enjoy (and maybe review).\*\*

Batcave, below Wayne Manor, outside Gotham City

He knew he shouldn't have been enthralled. But he was.

"I've known a few women like you."

"There are no women like me."

Diana's words went through Bruce Wayne's head again as the two of them used the Batcave's computers to search again for metahumans. It had been a month since Superman, aka Clark Kent, had been buried, a sacrifice to end Lex Luthor's vain ambitions. And now it was just the two of them against any threat at Superman's level or greater, at least until others could be found.

True, Bruce had had his fair share of beautiful, strong-willed women. Talia and Selina came to mind. But neither of them could hold their own against Superman in terms of strength. That alone made her worth looking into. And to keep close at hand.

"There, this one." Diana pointed at a man dressed in a black and green suit, projecting some sort of green energy from his finger. "Hal Jordan. Air Force pilot, though he goes AWOL for unspecified lengths of time." Luthor's database was very thorough. He'd assembled an entire catalog of metahumans and everything that was known about them for the day Luthor would deal with them. And the file for Clark Kent was the largest of them all.

And now he was dead. It was just Bruce and Diana left to pick up the pieces and gather reinforcements. Alfred walked in with two bottles of iced tea. "As ordered, Master Wayne and Ms. Prince."

"Thank you." Bruce read into the file of Jordan's background: Hal's father had also been a pilot, and died when Hal was young. His son followed in his footsteps until an unknown object crashed in Coast City in California, not far from where Jordan worked as a test pilot. The disappearances began not long after that. They'd need to investigate further. That would start tomorrow. As Bruce escorted Diana to her late model Ferrari (clearly not belonging to her) he had to ask: "How do you deal with the loss?"

"You mean Clark Kent? His death was done to save us all."

"Not him. I meant Steve Trevor."

Her eyes widened. Steve's name had not been uttered by her for some decades. She didn't know what to say. For once, the man who called himself Batman made her speechless.

"In case you haven't noticed, I do my homework."

\_Two could play this game. Bruce. \_"It is a story for another day. I'll see you tomorrow." She got in her car and ignited the engine.

"See you too," muttered Bruce as the Ferrari pulled out of the driveway of Wayne Manor and zoomed off into the distance. As he watched it go, Alfred came out and joined him. "Quite a remarkable woman, she is."

"Don't remind me."

\* \* \*

><p><em>Somewhere below the <em>\_Areopagus, Athens, Greece\_

He had lain here, dormant, though beyond his control, for nearly a hundred years. He had tried to get out on his own. But he had failed.

Therefore, with what power he had while trapped, he had convinced many to try to free him. And many had failed him. The Axis powers of the Second World War had begged for his blessings like babies. They had been defeated before they could rescue him, though. Then came the Cold War, with its hypocrites on both sides. He had lured a number of

them into attempting to free him as well, but that too failed. Then there was the Middle East, but even the bloodshed and savagery there could not undo the powers that had encased him under this rock.

No, it required a far more powerful being, one stronger than any human or weapon, to release him. And finally, it had happened. The battle between the two Kryptonians had been sufficient to nullify the magic that was supposed to keep him locked for eternity.

As Ares pushed the last rock away, he reminded himself that he would have to thank those responsible for his freedom. After giving the Amazons what they deserved, of course.

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*Here's the next chapter. It kind of jumps from place to place, and I may have messed up some of the characterization, but I think it's pretty readable. Tell me what you think!\*\*

"You sure have a plan."

Admittedly, Bruce's plan was a last minute thing. Or last hour thing. In any case, it had the two of them go to Hal Jordan's apartment and waiting there for him to walk right in. Bruce was donning his Batman outfit, while Diana wasn't, going with a simple yet elegant gold dress.

Was there every a time this woman failed to look stunning, thought Bruce. Then again, she wasn't exactly a normal woman. And not like demi-goddesses and billionaire vigilantes teamed up that often. Make the most of it.

Fun time to be alive.

The plan was to "ask" Hal about his powers and then give him the rundown of what was being dubbed the "Justice League". It was Alfred's idea for the name, and it had stuck. The metahumans of this planet needed to be doing it for the right reasons, and justice was high in that list.

Then Hal walked in, and thinks fell apart fast. "That's strange, what's this-"

Before he could react, Batman jumped him from behind. However, a strange green light began to come out of nowhere, and threw Batman off of Jordan. His finger was now glowing and out of it a green sword.

All of this was in the matter of seconds.

"Who are you and what the hell do you want?" A few seconds later, after seeing Batman's costume, and seeing Diana in another corner of the room, he put two and two together. "You're that bat vigilante from Gotham? And you're that chick from the Metropolis fight?"

"Sit down, Jordan," grunted Bruce. "It's more important than you think."

\* \* \*

><p>He was not very trusting at first, but eventually Hal Jordan had been convinced to tell his tale, in return for Bruce and Diana for telling theirs. Hal had stumbled upon the dying owner of the "ring" that gave him his powers, and had been given it. From there, he learned that there was an entire "Green Lantern Corps", all which had their own rings. The rings were controlled by willpower, limited only by the user's imagination.</p>

"So you're telling me there's a whole army of people with rings that have the power to create solid-light constructs at will? And I thought Superman was a threat?"

"Bruce." Diana forcefully put her hand on his arm, signaling for him to back off. "Hal, tell us of this Green Lantern Corps."

"It was founded by the Guardians, a group of beings even more powerful than Kryptonians. There are a couple of us in every sector of the known universe, patrolling it from the regular threats to civilization. Heck, we almost solved your Zod problem."

"Why didn't you?" asked Diana without anger, but still forcefully. She was the good cop in this situation; Bruce the bad cop.

"We had an internal power struggle. One of our former members, who decided to harness the yellow rings of fear, formed his own corps and launched an all-out war. It took most of the corps to beat him back, and unfortunately Zod's attack happened to coincide. If I could have been on earth instead, I would have."

Bruce contemplated. The idea of power ring wielding aliens having a civil war sounded preposterous to him. But then again, so did most of the things he'd seen and done in his career as Batman. Besides, Hal's facial expressions looked like he was telling the truth. "How long are your trips away from earth?"

"Months, usually. I've got an entire sector of this galaxy to patrol, and there's a lot more worlds with civilization on them. Oh, we are so not alone."

Bruce looked mildly surprised. Diana, on the other hand, didn't. She'd seen plenty in thousands of years to know it was a big universe. "Far from it. I presume you know about what happened in Metropolis recently?"

"Yeah, I watch the news. Weren't you two involved in that, and didn't Superman die?"

"He did," answered Diana. "And without him we are left without one of the strongest protectors of the earth. You surely know how vulnerable our planet is, given your time in the Green Lantern Corps."

Hal raised an eyebrow. "We try to keep the universe safe as whole."

"And Earth? You don't wish to be away while your planet is in danger, right?"

"What are you suggesting?"

"A team," said Bruce, "of all the people on this earth that can readily defend the planet. You are one of them. That ring could have taken on Superman."

"What are we calling it?"

"The Justice League."

\* \* \*

><p>"He didn't seem too keen about it," said Bruce afterwards, on the Wayne Industries private jet.</p>

"He'll come over. Give him time." The good cop/bad cop technique eventually worked on Hal Jordan, but he was still pretty suspicious. Granted, the details were still being written and a roster not exactly defined yet, but it was understandable why Green Lantern wouldn't want to jump right in. They'd need to give him time.

Oh, and she knew the importance of time to men. A year to them was a month to her, so she always found herself waiting in the world of men. But Bruce Wayne didn't make her wait, with his seemingly always sullen gaze and ruggedly appealing features, along with a physique that had to be near the limits of human strength. He was a man that clearly valued order and efficiency above all else.

Occasionally looking out his window into the clouds, Bruce would have said similar things about Diana. Most men would have looked upon her as something to be desired, that was a given. The only thing with that was that she obviously didn't settle down for anyone. He could tell she cared little for what the world of men thought of her. As long as she did her job and everyone went home safely.

He needed more people around him like that, ever since Dick had gone to Bludhaven and Jasonâ€¦

\_Goddamn Bruce, don't think about it. It wasn't your fault. It was Joker's. \_And in retrospective, he should have killed that psychopath then and there. Instead, he still obeyed the no kill rule at the time, and the Joker had gone on to give Gotham more grief.

"You look troubled."

That was Diana. Add mind reading to Amazon powers. Or at least she'd called herself an Amazon. It would have to be something to investigate later.

"It's nothing, really."

"Your face betrays your thoughts. It's nothing personal, all men seem to suffer from it. Those that didn't lacked empathy or worse."

"And what would you know of that?" Bruce kept a straight face on, but it was a thinly veiled attack. He'd done it multiple times in his career of painfully extracting information.

"Remember that photograph? It came from a time called the First World War, or I think it was called."

Bruce smirked. "I'm not stupid. I'm well aware of human

history."

Diana smiled back. "You obviously don't know that humans have been influenced by more powerful beings even before the Kryptonians arrived. I watched entire cities succumb to the wants of a bratty god having a tantrum."

"Let me guess: the Dodekatheon were also based in reality, and not just myth."

"Humans have exaggerated some of their feats, but the core of it is true. As for World War I, that was the doing of Ares. I witnessed Europe burn at the hands of the god of war. I think I'd be able to relate to whatever's troubling you."

"I usually don't let people into my deepest memories. You already know I'm Batman."

"And what am I going to do, hand you over to the United Nations?" She twitched an eyebrow. "Besides, I already told you one of mine. Your turn to even the scales, Mr. Wayne."

\* \* \*

><p>A few hours later, they were in Gotham. Crime fighting never took a night off. Diana stayed at Bruce's penthouse suite. He was adamant about not wanting her out and able to be seen. The Batman had already attracted enough attention, the last thing he needed was authorities investigating the woman fighting alongside Superman and Batman during the destruction of Metropolis. She obviously didn't like it, but she accepted it.</p>

"Alfred will be on call if you need anything," he said to her before heading out. "Gym's on the third floor, if you're interested. Don't do anything to attract attention."

"Athena be with you, Bruce," she said back as he fired his grappling hook and climbed onto the adjacent skyscraper.

\_She talks about the Greek gods of legend as if they are fact. \_The rest of the plane ride had made it abundantly clear that if the world knew more about the Amazons, they would launch an all-out assault on Themyscira. Even knowing that seemed like too much for Bruce to know, in Diana's eyes. The feeling was mutual; he didn't really want to tell the tale of Jason's death again. But if it would mean securing the trust of a needed ally, it would be done.

"I'm sorry," she had told him after he explained how Jason died. "He must have been like a son to you. I too have experienced suchâ€¦ personal loss."

Bruce didn't press her on that. He'd done enough, and besides he knew his limits.

As he put his mind back into now, scaling the walls of the abandoned Gotham Central Hospital, he noticed that someone had tagged him. He only relaxed when a woman in a catsuit and short, stylized black hair approached him. Selina Kyle, better known as Catwoman. "Hello, Bruce."

"Hello, Selina." They knew each other's activities, and they agreed to keep quiet about the other. "What are you doing here?"

"Going to help you, it seems. I ran out of corrupt old men to steal from for the moment."

"I don't need your help."

"I know you don't, but it'll make your job easier, and it'll be fun," she purred. His relationship with Selina had been on and off when it had existed. Currently it was off, but she still harbored feelings for him. He thought it was a waste of effort on her part.

"Fine," he relented. "The Serbians have been spotted at this abandoned hospital more than once. I don't recall them getting involved in the organ harvesting business, so I'd thought I'd pay them a visit next time I found them here. Follow my lead. Don't get spotted."

"Hmph," was her cranky reply as he slowly removed a window on the fifth floor of the building and snuck inside. One of the henchmen was making his way in the dark, a flashlight attached to his AK-47. Easy enough. All he had to do was sneak up behind him and put a glove on his mouth, with a breath that smelled like vodka.

True, Batman killed occasionally. But he only did it when he had no other feasible or pragmatic option. Most occasions, such as this one, he didn't need to use lethal force. "Selina, tie him up. I'm going after the rest."

"Am I really cleaning up your messes?"

"You said you wanted to help. You can start with him." Without another word, Bruce continued on, using the night as his ally. After subduing two more henchmen patrolling the rest of the east wing, he descended onto the main lobby, which had fallen into disarray. There were at least twelve more men, not including Radko "Cain" Vukovic. He had earned the nickname after backstabbing and killing his elder brother, founder of the Serbian mafia in Gotham. He ruled his organization with an iron fist and feared little.

You'd better fear me. Bruce dropped a smoke pellet and let them stumble around for a while, then signaled for Selina to come down and grab the first of them with her whip, hoisting him high from the mezzanine. The rest heared, cursed in Serbian, and began firing in all directions. Batman swooped down, grabbed one man, and used him to be thrown into another, taking out two birds with one stone.

The two of them then engaged in melee fights, taking out their opponents with lightning speed. Catwoman slashed and hacked with her customized "cat claws", while Batman preferred his gloves, made to be durable and survive punching steel. They were easily strong enough to break bone, and at least a few jaws and ribcages snapped under their weight.

A hail of bullets barely missed Batman. That would be Cain himself, armed with an MG4 wielded in just one hand. "You're dead, Batman!" rang a voice with a heavy accent. The firing continued, and Batman and Catwoman both took cover behind the reception desk. The rest of the conscious Serbians added to the firepower.

"Alright," said Bruce, thinking of a plan. "We'll flank-

Several thuds were heard, followed by a cry in Serbian. Whoever cried out was then thrown to where Catwoman was crouching, who swiftly proceeded to subdue him as well. After a few more grunts and struggles, Bruce decided to look up and see what all the fuss was about.

Cain was struggling to escape the clutches of Diana herself, geared up as she was for Doomsday. If she could hold her own against Kryptonians, then ordinary thugs were the equivalent of flies.

\*\*I don't think she's one to being told what to do, let alone stay away from a good fight.\*\*

End  
file.